THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS.

Geo. H. L. '08.

VOL. V. JULY, 1909. NO. 5.

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CONTENTS.

THE COLLEGE THEN AND THE COLLEGE NOW - - 123

CLASS POEM - - - - - 126

THE HIDDEN GOLD - - - - - 127

TWENTIETH CENTURY INDIVIDUALITY - - 133

THE "M," THE KEY, OR THE GIRL - - - 136

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE - - - 137

IN A GERMAN UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM - - 140

STUDENT CUSTOMS AT A SWEDISH UNIVERSITY - 142

JOSEPHUS AND THE VALEDICTORIAN - - - 144

THE SUMMER SCHOOL SESSION - - - 149

ST. LAWRENCE–MIDDLEBURY DEBATE - - - 150

COMMENCEMENT - - - - - 152

CLASS DAY - - - - - 155

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTESTS - - - 157

ALUMNI DAY - - - - - 158

COMMENCEMENT DAY - - - 160

THE FACULTY OF THE SUMMER SESSION - - 163

THE EDITOR - - - - - 165

ALUMNI NOTES - - - - - 168

IN THE COLLEGE WORLD - - - - 171

The Middlebury Campus

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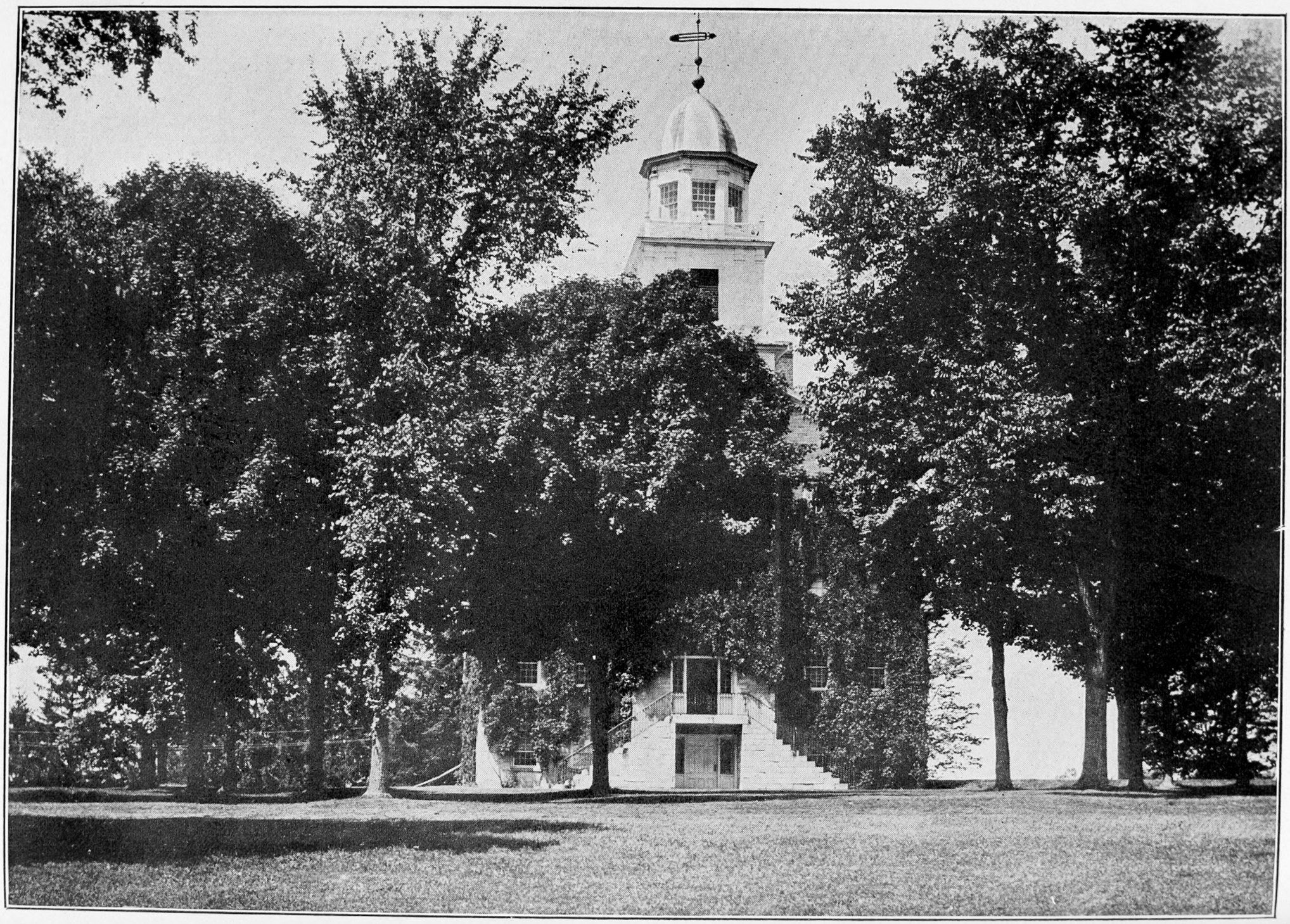

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THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS.

THE COLLEGE THEN AND THE COLLEGE NOW.

[BY DR. BRAINERD KELLOGG, CLASS OF '58.]

WHEN I came to College in 1854, the Faculty was composed of the President, who taught Ethics and Economics; a Professor, who besides teaching Mathematics, Physics, and Astronomy, was the college Treasurer; a Professor of Greek, Latin, and a little German; one of Botany, Zoology, and Chemistry; one of Rhetoric, English Composition, Elocution, Logic, and Metaphysics; and a Tutor who picked up the leavings with the lower classes. The instruction was from the printed page; excepting in Chemistry, I do not recall that I ever heard what might be called a Lecture. We studied the text-book, and recited what we learned from it. Then, and for a long time after, there were no electives, but one unvaried curriculum for all.

We were haled from our beds early in the morning by the clamorous bell, that seemed to clang more imperatively then than now, and summoned by it to prayers, and to a recitation before breakfast. It called us all together again at 11:00, and once again at 4:00. Two recitations were had on Saturday; and two on Wednesday, followed by Rhetoricals, at which the three lower classes declaimed, and the Seniors delivered original orations or engaged in class debates. Once in three weeks, all Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen read on Thursday mornings compositions before their class-mates on subjects of their own choice. Once a year the Seniors held a Public Debate, and the class below had their Junior Exhibition. Two Societies, the Philadelphian and the Philomathesian, the one for conference and worship and the other for debates and essays, had weekly meetings.

Commencement occurred about the middle of August and the college re-opened in September. The long vacation was in the winter to enable the students to teach in district schools round about and elsewhere.

The College buildings consisted of the Chapel and Painter Hall on the Hill, and a wooden structure where the Graded School edifice now stands. All living rooms in the dormitories were lighted and heated by the students' lamps and stoves; the halls

were dark and dirty; the water we drank we drew from the well back of Painter Hall; and that in which we laved came from the cistern south of it. The library room was in the Chapel building, and was never profaned by the entrance into it of students; but once a week we received from it our tale of books—if the librarian could find them.

The Campus was a tangled thicket of trees. The ground beneath them was a total stranger to the lawn-mower, but once a year was clipped by the scythe for the sake of its hay, which on its way to the barn usually tarried for a night in the Chapel, unless the lynx-eyed Tutor detected the frolic and foiled the student frolicers.

The income of the College was scanty in the extreme; a meager pittance of $1200 or so was doled out to each Professor, and $600 to the Tutor—of which salaries, unless my memory has let slip what it would be likely to hold, much was finally remitted. The glorious Starrs had not then risen above our financial horizon—although, about 1860, the Starr Hall was erected; and, burning down a little later, was rebuilt by the same benevolent donors.

Students were even scantier than money. The class of 1855 graduated five strong—a quincunx—and our thin ranks were afterwards terribly depleted by the war.

We had not even a shadow of the present semblance of a gymnasium, no base-ball ground, and no base-ball game, save that in which a soft ball was used, with which the "Casey at the bat" was caught out, or put out when hit by it on his way to the goal. Foot-ball, I am not grieved at saying, was then unknown.

And yet—I am speaking of my own time—in spite of all these deficiencies and disadvantages, perhaps in consequence of them, the College was then preparing and sending out men of whom the the world has since heard—the Hebraist and theologian Mead of '56, the Federal jurist Severens of '57, the able Walker lawyers of '58, the accomplished Shipman of '59, the learned Interstate Commissioner Walker of '62, the erudite Brainerd of '64, and the scholarly Higley, who returned to College after distinguished service in the field, and graduated in '68.

One who has kept in rather close touch with the College is measurably disqualified for seeing and recording the growth she has made and is making year by year. It is when we take years half a century or so apart and contrast the College now with the

College then that we fully appreciate her growth in students and professors and endowment and equipment and books and conveniences and breadth of curriculum, in outward appearance and in hold upon her constituency.

I speak by the card, I am sure, when I say that in no year has the college undergone greater development than during the one just closing. With what pains must the body of the dear old mother have been racked in keeping the Weston gait held by her through the year! One almost fears that she will not be able to stand the strain, and feels like crying out to the Trustees to curb the man who is putting her through these paces.

These few things I hope for: that the extension of College work will not be purchased at the price of its intension; that the humanities will not be oversloughed by the scientific studies; that the elective system will be kept well in hand; that in the segregation of the sexes whatever wholesome influence each has had upon the other will be preserved; that the Oxford hostility of the gown for the town will never be transplanted to our soil; and that the College will keep in the closest possible touch with the Churches of Middlebury and vicinity. As one who had to do with the selection of Mr. Thomas for the presidency, and knows something of his purposes, I am happy in believing that some of the things dear to me are as dear to him.

I cannot close without a word of caution, if not of warning. The College may be able to stand the rate at which she is traveling, but President Thomas can not safely keep the speed he is making. A man cannot be ubiquitous—be all over this and other states at the same time—unless he is a bird, to use a well-worn Hibernicism. *Festina lentius, O Praeses, carissime et amatissime.*

College men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease,
For even when they graduate
They do it by degrees.

CLASS POEM.

LIKE one who lingers when the day is done,
When heaven's lights have fleeted to the west
And all the world is sinking into rest,
And every cloud has robes of glory on,
Those last grand memories of the setting sun;
Like one who lingers dreaming of the past
Or of the future, mayhap, turns at last
To find the work of living just begun;—
Like him we linger in the evening hour,
While the bright dreams of youth still light
The clouds that threaten in the future's sky,
And like him muse within the dreamer's bower
Of care-free days that have escaped us quite
And sterner days that now are drawing nigh.

Today we stand upon life's mystic shore,
Ready to loose the bark that has so long
Tossed at the mooring; safe and strong
It seems, and loaded well with goodly store,
A hopeful craft it seems,—but there before
The troubled billows of the ocean lie,
Billows which try the strength of ships that ply
Their traffic there, and sail the waters o'er;
And as we in our turn sail this vast sea
In ships where lives are freight and where a soul
Is prize for which we labor, we shall steer
Our course by stars we've learned of thee,
Dear alma mater, thus avoid the shoal
Of doubt and sorrow always lurking nigh.

Exit mirth and frolic: enter work.
We've said goodbye to all the gladsome days,
And now we enter into other ways,
Nor can we longer cares of labor shirk,
For we must share the burden and must stand
Where work seems hardest and reward seems small—
Let work be recompense, if we work at all—
Ah, 'tis the rigor of the fight that's grand;
Ah, 'tis the fight we want, and not the praise
For what we gain, for praise is only dross;
Rather to labor faithfully and from the sod
Lift up our eyes to light of better days,
Rather to lose—yes! what the world calls loss—
To build a path of glory to our God.

Thus far together on life's pate we've come
While flowers bloomed, and rosy was the down;
And now we part, but part without demur,
Willing to to know the morning nearly done,
And glad to take that one step farther on,
That step which counts and builds a character.

THE HIDDEN GOLD.

"CONFOUND it!" I exploded on reaching the sidewalk after a long interview with my old friend, Dr. North. "Here's the devil of a prospect. Banished for two months to the end of nowhere and no one to look after the business."

However, a mental breakdown stared me in the face, and—well—the office might better run on one leg for a while than sink into oblivion for the lack of either member later on. And Crasworth, he might attend to things. Confound it, he's *got* to attend to things!

So the storm passed, and a sunny spring morning a few days later found me northward bound for a little hamlet in the Vermont mountains known as Blue Ridge. The increased worry and anxiety of the past few days had quite exhausted me, so after a listless survey of the morning's paper, I leaned back and with the monotonous rumble of the train fell asleep.

On waking, I perceived that we had already crossed the border. The long wooded hills rolled away to north and south, while the fields and meadow lands, flushed with the tender green of early spring, lay bright in the noon sunshine. In the upland pastures here and there cattle were browsing contentedly, and as we rolled along sheep and horses which had run from the approaching train, turned to gaze at us from behind fantastic stump fences. As the time went by, the restfulness of the scene stole over me, so that by the time Blue Ridge was announced, I had not only ceased to conjure up unattractive possibilities, but was actually thankful that an inscrutable providence had piloted me in this direction.

After a ride of a mile or so in an ancient buckboard, I arrived at the store over which, I was speedily informed by the proprietor who helped me to alight, were the rooms I had engaged. These, as my artistic sensibilities are not acute, proved quite satisfactory, and as the table turned out to be hearty and wholesome, I settled back to let the quiet and the mountain air do their work.

For several days short rambles through the woods and about the foot hills in the near vicinity, augmented by the gossip of occasional farmers dropping in at the store, sufficed to divert my mind and afford a certain interest in an environment alien to all

my previous experience. But gradually the unbroken monotony began to manifest itself. The endless silence of the woods and fields and the gloomy solitudes of the mountains commenced to wear upon me, while the meagerness of the life reflected in the gossip at the store made me ache for a word with some one who had seen the world and knew of the happenings of the life outside.

I continued thus for some time, until finally I resolved as a last resort to make a call upon the minister of the village, an old man by the name of John Carleton. The house, it appeared, was situated some distance from my rooms, within the shadow of a projecting spur of the hills, and as I neared it in the fading light of late afternoon, the great overhanging rocks and moss-grown trees seemed to cast a spectral gloom about the place.

The door was opened by a pale, white-haired woman, who in a funereal voice, announced herself as Mrs. Carleton. The good man, I learned, was out ministering to a sick parishioner. I nevertheless accepted an invitation to enter and was shown into a pitifully bare parlor from which all the depression of the place seemed to emanate, and as no discordant note was struck by Mrs. Carleton, the ensuing conversation was anything but animated. My observation regarding the fineness of the view called forth but a spiritless nod, while the prolonged pauses in my remarks relative to the life of the village and her husband's work, were broken only by faint monosyllables. So, after the expiration of as short a time as decency required, I took my leave with a distinct feeling of relief.

On my way out my spirits rose somewhat on seeing Mr. Carleton himself approach, only to fall several degrees on finding him after a brief salutation, to be if anything more lifeless and depressing than his wife. At my alluding to New York, his face brightened for a moment, but the shadow again settled quickly, and, it appeared to me, darker than before. There was something unspeakably pathetic about the man, a dreary hopelessness for which I felt not even the fearful solitude and loneliness of the place were responsible.

It was in desperation that on the following Sunday I made my way to the old white church near the parsonage. I found the interior damp and cheerless and the handful of worshippers scattered about in the musty boxes served only to add to the general air of desolation. The sermon was long and spiritless, and the

prayer which followed reached on interminably. Only once was its monotony broken as the voice of the old man rose in a strange note of supplication, "Reveal unto us, O Lord, the things which we ought to do, and grant us strength to fulfill the same for Thy Name's sake."

Some few days later, as my general health was much impsoved, I resolved to return to work again, for the dreariness and solitude had at length become intolerable. And upon reaching the city, in the renewed stress of business, Blue Ridge and its gloomy associations soon faded from my mind.

A year had gone by and in response to a letter from my old college chum, urging me to join him at the approaching commencement, as I had not returned to my Alma Mater for some years, I boarded the train, filled with pleasant anticipations of renewing old friendships and revisiting the beloved scenes of my college days. While the fact that the occasion was to be exceptionally honored by the presence of one of the college's oldest and most distinguished alumni, the veteran governor of the State, lent my added eagerness to my journey.

My arrival was most warmly welcomed, and as I strolled about that afternoon meeting men I had not seen in years, wandering with them through the well remembered halls and class rooms, and rehearsing over the familiar experiences of student life, I wondered that I had remained away so long.

The commencement exercises were to take place the following day, and accordingly early the next morning my friend and I together with our old alumnus, with whom we had become warmly acquainted, mingled with the crowd which lined the street leading from the station to the campus, to witness the arrival of the governor. From far down the street came the yells and songs of the students who had massed in a body to escort the carriage to the chapel. And as the train pulled in, their cheers of welcome were mingled with the drums of the college band ordering the march. Soon the procession came in sight, headed by the band, with instruments glistening brightly in the sunlight, while behind filed the long double line of students, in the midst of which approached the governor's carriage. Suddenly the stirring music of the college march broke forth, and as the line reached us the stately form of the old governor could be seen standing and bowing graciously to right and left in response

to the shouts and cheers ringing from every side. A fine old picture he made, hat in hand, his figure still erect and powerful, the morning sunbeams resting on his snowy hair and kindly, keen, old face.

"A bearing bespeaking a life of triumph and accomplishment," my friend observed, as we turned slowly toward the campus.

"And yet," replied our venerable companion, "I sometimes wonder if with all his honors and attainments he has found the hidden gold."

Something not only in the words themselves, but in the way in which they were spoken, enjoined us to silence, and after a pause he continued, "We who are old can judge more surely."

He seemed lost in thought, and we walked on in silence for some moments before he at length resumed:

"We were in college together. During our senior year a fearful incident occurred to which the career of Philip Chester, in whose honored welcome we have just participated, bears a strange relation. Although it has recurred to me again and again in all its terrible vividness during the long years which have since elapsed, it is a thing to which I have never alluded. Recent events, together with your observation, have brought it freshly to my mind."

Deeming the subject dismissed, as the old gentleman here ceased speaking, I started to make some casual remark, when he intervened slowly, "I am strangely minded to relate to you the experience. It happened many, many years ago and has long since been forgotten."

We slackened our pace to let fhe few remaining stragglers of the crowd pass by, and presently, in a subdued voice, which rose with emotion as he proceeded, he began his narrative:

"I have said that we were in college together. One of my dearest friends, now dead, and I were living together on the top floor of Marbridge Hall, where Old South now stands, and across the hall roomed Chester and his friend. It was a chill, stormy night in mid December. We had retired late, and with the whistling of the wind about the corner of the old building, had fallen asleep. Suddenly I found myself sitting upright in bed listening intently. From below came a confused mingling of shouts, and in a moment, from beneath the window, as some one

dashed down the steps, came the yell *fire ! fire !* which was quickly taken up by a dozen voices and re-echoed from across the campus. My friend had waked, and together we sprang from our beds and rushed through our study for the hall. On opening the door we were met by blackness and a dense smoke which nearly strangled us. With throbbing hearts, shouting in at the various doors as we passed, we made our way as swiftly as possible to the stairs, up which as we neared them, a faint light steadily brightened. By now, shouts and yells reached us through the smoke from all directions. Rushing below we encountered a growing company of our fellows, which as we strove for the next landing, closed about us, while a hoarse cry down the hall told that the way was impassable. Quickly we turned to the nearest window, only to be waved back frantically by our friends below.

"The smoke had by now become insufferable, and in the reddening light the averted faces of onr companions, among whom I recognized Chester and his room mate, showed strained and ghastly. Suddenly a shout *this way ! this way !* rose near at hand, and in a moment we had crowded into a neighboring room and, closing the door, found temporary relief.

"The heat had now become stifling, and, although the smoke had not as yet penetrated thickly to our refuge, still, as we stood there silent in the darkness, the roar o f the flames, augmented by the murmur of the crowd below, served to unnerve the strongest. A muffled sob was heard here and there, and once some one at the farther end of the room started to pray, faltered, and ceased. But in the frightful pause which followed a voice which I recognized as that of Chester's friend, began. Indistinct at first, the words of a vow presently reached us. Before us all he solemnly swore if he were delivered from this death to dedicate his life to Holy Church. And after a brief silence, which told eloquently of clasped hands, Chester in a firm voice repeated the vow.

"My own feelings had so overmastered me that I did not hear a loud shout which rose suddenly from without, but roused by a general rush to the windows, I distinguished cheer after cheer, and springing to the nearest opening, I discerned in the light of the flames the village fire carts hauled rapidly up the campus."

The old man paused as if exhausted.

"Were all saved?" I inquired, presently.

"All of us," he replied, "though none to soon. It was not long after we had slid down the ladders that the floors fell. As I said, the sight of Chester today has brought it all back to me. What he vowed that night he never attempted to realize. And yet—that was long ago."

"What of the other man?" asked my friend.

"He was ordained and went to some post in New England, if I remember rightly," he answered. "What subsequently became of him I do not know."

A strange suspicion crossed my mind.

"Can you tell me his name," I ventured.

"Carleton," he replied, "John Carleton."

The scene vanished away, and once more I beheld an old white church far among the recesses of lonely mountaius, and within, among the shadows, an old man bowed in prayer. While in the silence rose again that voice with its strange note of supplication, "Reveal unto us, O Lord, the things which we ought to do, and grant us strength to fulfill the same for Thy Name's sake."

AFTERMATH.

When at last our work is done,
The noise of conflict stilled,
And back across the storied years
We gaze with vision healed,
O Alma Mater, thine shall be
Our faith, our hope, our love.
Thy light hath been our guiding star,
And still doth shine above.

TWENTIETH CENTURY INDIVIDUALITY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE CAMPUS BY MR. EDGAR R. BROWN, '93.]

THE theme sounds inviting. It would be fitting and profitable to have some scholar, latter day philosopher, or writer with vision and skill, adequately discourse the topic. I am presuming to hereinafter remark because so requested, and in my judgment, the Editor has a right to expect that no Alumnus shall respond "I can not" or "I will not", at least until he shall have made an effort.

Education is profitable but not when gained at the expense of individuality. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" What is the gain if a man find out all knowledge of things and find not himself?

"Go as you please" has been the dominant American proverb. America is the leader of nations because she has dared to break away from the sacred traditions of older nations, and from day to day, live her own life. Nor are we yet in immediate danger of yielding individuality to unbecoming humility, undue deference to precedent and the established order of things. Nevertheless there is cause for apprehension in certain tendencies, the portent of which is not individuality but homogeniety. As business is becoming more systematized so education is becoming more mechanized.

In schools it is the organization that is most often praised. Plans of brilliant intricacy are worked out and the joy thereof is that there shall be no jolt or jar in the running of the machinery, and *System* becomes the educational fetish. These conditions are perpetuated and accentuated by an idolatry of examinations and percentages. School life is characterized by a complacent conformity to direction, absorbing that which is prescribed, learning according to requirement, too often merely that which shall "fit" for higher courses the few, and they not always the fittest. And in many colleges and the courses thereof, conditions are but little better. There also spontaneity and enthusiasm are repressed or chilled by schoolish ideals, and progress too seldom rises above imitation and information, acquisition. Standing of students depends too much upon the methodical formality and regularity with which they take prescribed doses of what to many is innutritious pabulum.

The fact is many of the greatest minds have reached their fullest power through a merciful deliverence from attempts to standardize mentality. Sir Humphrey Davy wrote to his mother, "I consider it fortunate that I was left much to myself when a child, and put to no particular plan of study". "Of my earliest days at school", says Wordsworth, "I have little to say but that they were very happy ones, chiefly because I was left at liberty to read whatever books I liked". Tested by standards of school and college Robert Browning had little education. "In the atmosphere in which he lived, learning was a pleasure, and a natural pleasure". At Cambridge, Coleridge was interested in almost everything except his studies. Herbert Spencer's dislike for school was largely due to his aversion to rote learning, and his hatred for the dogmatic form of presentation. He says, "The mere authoritative statement that so-and-so is so-and-so, made without evidence or intelligent reason seems to have been from the outset constitutionally repugnant to me". "The regular course of studies", wrote Emerson, "the years of academic and professional education, have not yielded me better facts than some idle books under the bench at the Latin school". Edward Everett Hale in *A New England Boyhood* says "I have always been glad that I was sent where I was,—to a school without any machinery, very much on the go-as-you-please principle, and where there was no strain put upon the pupil". And many others there are, too numerous to mention, not merely successful men of affairs, but scholarly men who according to all the principles of elect authorities ought to have been intellectually ruined, for they most often left undone those things they ought to have done, and did things they ought not to have done, and still there was remarkable health in them. Individuality may not receive quite the treatment it did from Dr. Parr of the Norwich School, who when informed by one of its teachers that a certain pupil showed signs of genius, exclaimed, "Say you so"? "Then begin to flog him to-morrow morning"! But the fact remains, that it was those teachers who were most free from formalism and dull routine, who treated each student as an individual personality, and so taught him, helping him to find himself, that most impressed themselves upon us and whom we held in most grateful memory.

It doth not yet appear what "Twentieth Century Individu-

ality '' shall be or yet if there shall be any. It depends ever so much upon the ideas and ideals of American youth and their instructors. If we are to have men and women of independence and power, individuality must not be submerged in blind obedience and unreasoning conformity. Education is concerned with growth and development; it must accordingly be flexible, continually adapting itself to the nature and needs of the times and the individual. For a democracy to look too much to foreign countries for educational principles is quite as short sighted as to turn to them for principles of national executive policy. Men who are courageous and aggressive towards civic and national corruption cannot be made out of servile, unreasoning boys, without initiative, merely following on. I am glad there is still considerable independence in thought and action in American boys and girls. May it increasingly so continue even unto the salvation of the individual and the upbuilding of the nation.

NOT one who, dwelling in the silence pure
Of speech, desire. and thought in rapture hears
A revelation for evolving years,
And hearing, lives to labor and endure;
For still, without, the ceaseless murmurs lure,
And weak am I, though not oppressed by fears
Of having sought, as one who naught reveres,
To pique the powers His mercies will assure.
But rather one whose tense conscience steals
A still, sweet whisper, melting in the gloom;
And though its tender prasence scarce reveals,
Yet leaves his wearied soul with hopes attune.
Thus in the drear and doubtful ear of care
I whisper softly of the when and where.

THE "M", THE KEY, OR THE GIRL?

[BY MISS HAZEL MCLEOD, '09.)

THE "M" was but a bit of white felt to be stitched to the front of a blue jersey, the key, a golden bauble to be fastened to the end of a fob, the girl, a slender, dark-haired, dark-eyed witch, alluring and winsome, who seemed all too easy to gain until her lips formed themselves into a firm, unyielding danger line. And the heart of the man was set on the heart of the maid.

With persistency and patience he had tried to dance his way into the citadel, he had pelted its doors with bon bons unweighable, he had driven the lady of his dreams to every point in the compass, only to return, no further advanced in his suit than when he set out. He had taken her to view countless love affairs behind the footlights in the vain hope that the reverses of other poor young wretches would soften her heart to help him escape from his. In short he gave up every possible minute of his waking hours to her service and devoted most of his dreams to her, but the inspiration of all this attention seemed never a whit more gracious.

So, at last, he decked his six feet two in a pair of mud-stained moleskins and a jersey and transferred his persistency and patience from the beseiging of his lady's heart to the pursuit of the pigskin over the chalk lines. Because that took but two of the waking hours of his life, he tried to escape his defeat, the other twelve, in knuckling down to a thorough, absorbing extraction of the text books' problems.

A place on the squad seemed to him but small compensation for the loss of the girl, and yet when the day of the big game came and he trotted out on the field, wearing the blue and white of his Alma Mater, he felt in his heart that he should fight that day not only to down the little devils in patriotic hue, but also for the sheer love of lavishing strength for the old college. Of the game, it is needless to write. From the man's point of view, it was but a terrible, misty dream from which he only awaked to find himself on the shoulders of his mates, the center of a veritable pandemonium let loose, hurried along to the Commons where the boys were to give the squad a substantial recompense for their long training. As in the daze which so often follows a

deep sleep, he heard the fellows pay their tribute to his brilliant plays of the afternoon, from afar off at the other end of the table, he saw the faculty member rise. The significance of the words he heard did not at first penetrate his benumbed senses:—"You have seen this afternoon an example of what the true athlete may be, a man who shows his power not only in the development of brawn and muscle, but in the strengthening of his mental fibre. It is, after all, young men, the 'power' we are after, the 'power' to do all things well, and I wish here to propose a toast, 'To the man who wins his 'M' in the field and his key in the classroom.'"

As a part of the same dream he took a small note from the messenger's hand the next morning and with trembling fingers tore the paper from the envelope.

But the figure that threw back its shoulders and looked out on the world with glad, bright eyes, showed no signs of bewilderment as these words were replaced in their covering—

"DEAR 'MAN':—

For at last I can call you that. Do you suppose you can spend a little time away from your beautiful new 'M' and the thought of the key-to-be? It is not a change of mind, for I always knew it must be a man and not a shadow. After all, we cannot trip our way through this old world, nor subsist on chocolates, can we? If you still wish it, I am proud to be

THE 'GIRL.'"

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

"SHUT up," will you, snapped Tom Wilson, hurling a book at the head of his roommate. "Can't you see I'm trying to get this history lesson?"

"O wake up," sarcastically answered Harry Fielding. "We don't have it again till next week. You don't know whether you're studying history or chemistry. It beats the deuce, "he went on, as if addressing a third person," how a fellow will act when he's in love. Thank Heaven, I never got as loony over a girl as that poor roommate of mine. If I ever do I'll eat about a pound of arsenic and die an easy death. I guess that new rule will sort of put the kibosh on some of the fussers in this burg, at least till they get used to it. Holy smoke, Tom, won't it be pleasant to have the old gong go off at ten o'clock and to see the kindly face of the matron peering through the doorway to see that

you beat it on the dot? By Jupiter, but I'm sorry for you, Tom, old boy.

"Will you keep still," shouted Tom, thoroughly angered now. "It's none of your blooming business what I do. If I want to study history for next term I don't feel obliged to ask your gracious permission." And he relapsed into the brown study from which he had been drawn by his roommate's earnest endeavor to play a piccolo and a bass drum at the same time.

Seeing that his chum would't stand for much more jollying, Harry seized a cap and started for the door whistling, "when we are M-a-double R-i-e-d," in a series of thrilling discords, while Tom, left to himself, remained completely absorbed for nearly half an hour. Finally he shook his head despairingly and said aloud: "I can't stand this any longer. I must ask her to-night. But what in thunder wonld I do if she turned me down? Well, I guess there's no use hoping for anything else. Still, in a resigned voice, "I might as well know the worst."

Just then the bell rang and cut short his meditations. Absently picking up the nearest book, which happened to be a popular novel, he went out without the faintest idea of what class he had at this hour.

He overtook two of his classmates and walked along with them, thinking he would get to his recitation in that manner. He entirely forgot that he was taking ethics and they had elected chemistry, till he reached the laboratory. By this time it was too late for him to get back before the second bell rang, so he went to his room, where he filled his pipe, threw himself on the window seat, and gave himself up to more dismal forebodings, from which he was aroused by an unearthly wail on the piccolo and informed that it was supper time. He went over to his boarding place, but he had no appetite, and soon returned to his room, where he lay down and smoked nervously for some time. At length he threw his pipe into the corner, dressed slowly and started for Pearson Hall, where he waited half an hour before Grace appeared. When she did come his heart sank within him.

How beautiful she was, he thought, and what was the use of his daring to hope that she could care for him? What fellow could be good enough for her? Still she had always seemed to like to have him call. He might as well ask her, anyhow. Anything would be better than this suspense.

"Grace," he said, but just then the door opened and Grace's chum came in with Harry Fielding. Tom tried his best to look pleased, but his smile was rather sickly. It seemed that he would never have a chance to see her alone. What possessed Harry to come over, anyway, and to-night of all nights? Why, his roommate had never been inside Pearson before that he knew of. He had come to annoy him. Very well, he would just speak to Harry about that later. Perhaps he didn't intend to stay long. But Harry seemed entirely at home here and it appeared foolish to imagine that he would go very early, so he might as well make the best of it.

Grace proposed that they play cards awhile; the others eagerly assented, so Tom agreed as cordially as he could. He was considered a good whist player, but there never was a novice who played with less skill than he did that night. The result was that Harry and Miss Wilson took about everything in sight, finally scoring a grand slam. Harry declared he had played long enough and rose to leave. The girls begged him to stay and help make fudge, but Harry, after glancing at his watch, declined, much to Tom's relief, saying that he had to plug for an exam.

As Miss Wilson and he went out of the door, Miss Dixon turned and said anxiously: "What's the matter, Tom, you look all worn out, don't you feel well? Tom muttered something about "working pretty hard," that seemed to reassure her, for she immediately made him feel worse by saying, "I think your roommate is just perfectly splendid. He's one of the finest fellows I know." Tom agreed with her as heartily as he could, but nevertheless he was firmly convinced that nothing but Harry's sudden departure from college would hring back his peace of mind.

"I don't seem to be getting anywhere and it's getting late, too," he thought angrily. "Perhaps I'd better wait—no, I'll ask her tonight. I might as well find out now as later."

Tom wasn't a fellow to beat about the bush once his mind was made up. "Grace," he said, and leaned forward and took her hand, "Grace, I—I want to ask you something, there is something I want to tell you. I've known you for a long time and you're the only girl there is for me. Grace, I lo——

Here, a terrible noise, just back of his ear, made him jump and turn pale with fright. As if moved by machinery, the stern face of the matron appeared in the doorway. It was 10 o'clock.

IN A GERMAN UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM.

[BY PROF. C. B. WRIGHT.]

I GAVE a couple of days in the summer of 1906 to visiting the University of Munich. It was of course the merest glance at its workings, but some of the things I happened to see may be interesting to CAMPUS readers. About two thousand students, in all departments, were in attendance at the time, the institution ranking next to that of Berlin in point of size. A student told me, with evident pride, that they hoped, before many years, to register more students than Berlin; the craze for academic numbers is evidently not confined to the United States.

I went first to the seminary for English philology, and was very courteously received by several young Germans who spoke English fairly well. With one of these I went at noon to the lecture of Professor Schick. It was my introduction to the lecture rooms of a German university and a most interesting experience. The lectures all begin at a quarter past the hour and continue forty-five minutes. This room was about thirty-five feet square, and rose a little toward the back. It had a central aisle and side aisles, and plain, continuous benches and desks adorned with ink-sketches. There were perhaps sixty hearers, two being young women. Professor Schick is a man of may be forty years—a dark, keen-looking man with a rather heavy moustache. There was a scraping of feet by way of greeting when he entered on the minute and walked rapidly to his desk. He wore a gray, sack-coat suit and stood as he lectured, occasionally thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets as he talked. He has a rich voice, a very clear enunciation, and now and then a dramatic manner intensified by his rolling r's. A pleasant smile lights up his face as he makes his points. The lecture was on the origins of the Beowulf; at times it was given slowly, and then again in an informally rapid way. There was perfect quiet, and good attention on the part of the hearers.

The next day at quarter past eleven, I was in the lecture room of Professor Paul (of the *Beitraege* and the *Grundriss*). He was greeted as Professor Schick had been—an insignificant appearing little man of perhaps sixty, spectacled, with a round face and closely-cropped beard. He read and expounded a portion of the *Nibelungenlied*, beginning at stanza 114 of Aventiure III. and

ending with stanza 130. He would read a stanza quietly but clearly, and with evident pleasure, (his delivery, though, being by no means equal to that of Professor Schick), then put it into present-day German, and afterward expound it critically, quoting the various editors either to approve or to question. He read the varying lengths of line very easily and pleasantly. There were about forty hearers; two of them were women, but not, I think, the ones I saw the day before. A late comer was greeted with derisive scrapings and dropped into a seat very near the door. Having reached in detail the point mentioned, the lecturer commented briefly on points here and there in the remainder of Aventiure III., spoke for a little on Aventiure IV., and had just begun a consideration of Aventiure V., when twelve o'clock came and he was ushered out with scrapings similar to those that had ushered him in.

The next hour was given to a lecture by Professor Schick, the last of a series on William Morris. There were about forty hearers, among them four young women. The lecturer's wife, an Englishwoman, was also present. The speaker was evidently in full sympathy with his subject, and spoke with force and feeling. (One of the young men told me that he is at times moved to tears as he sets forth the beauties of the English poets.) During the hour he discussed The Dream of John Ball, News from Nowhere, The Tables Turned, The House of the Wolfings, Among the Roots of the Mountains, and the renderings of the Sagas, and told afterward of the work of the Kelmscott Press and of its Chaucer, "the noblest book ever published." In closing he said he could conclude in no more fitting way than by quoting the memorial words of one of Morris's fellow-laborers: "William Morris was a splendid leader, a great poet, artist, and craftsman. Best of all, he was a man, and oh, such a friend to know and to love."

The two days were thoroughly enjoyable; they showed me that though I had not listened to lectures in German for over twenty years, the old knack of interpreting could easily be recalled. The students whom I met were cordial, the two lecturers were able men, and the whole impression made upon me was a satisfying one. And yet I cannot help feeling that, everything considered, an American will gain more than he loses, in the large majority of cases, if he takes his doctor's degree at home.

STUDENT CUSTOMS AT A SWEDISH UNIVERSITY.

IT might be well to say first of all that in this article it is not the writer's purpose to present either a model or a deterring example for any institution. Some details may be worth while imitating, others might better be avoided, some may be indifferent, but all taken together make the picture more complete and better balanced.

At a Swedish university the students are divided into three classes, according to length of residence. Upon matriculation a student receives the title "recertior", in a free translation "rather fresh." See Collar & Daniell: First year Latin. This does not have any academic significance whatever, any more than the title of "junior", usually obtained after a year's residence, and that of "senior" given to students holding advanced degrees, members of the teaching staff and others who for some reason or other have stayed around alma mater. We must not believe, however, that scholastic pursuits constitute the only reason why some individuals find it impossible to tear themselves away. There is a special class who have become so thoroughly imbued with student ideas and student traditions they find themselves unfit ever to be anything else. But that is another story.

Students are also divided, according to their place of residence, in different provinces, among different societies called "nations", one for every province. These correspond in many respects to American fraternities. They have lodges of their own and their members celebrate together the traditional student holidays. These are mostly of patriotic origin, and the zeal displayed in observing them is very commendable. The manner of celebration is perhaps not always laudable since "drink" plays a very important part, but nowadays a decided improvement is noticeable, one nation after another "going dry." The Swedish students' drink is not beer, but "punch", not to be confounded with the American article of the same title. On these days no policeman can arrest a student for any minor offence that is otherwise punishable by solitary confinement, and this impunity naturally is an inducement to all sorts of pranks. A favorite "stunt" is to fire the ancient cannon placed around the castle where they testify of old glory. But when it comes to pranks I shall refrain from peddling owls in Athens.

ONE OF THE EIGHT--THE JUNIOR CLASS PLAY.

One of the most impressive among student festivals is the spring celebration. This consists of a procession of all students up to the hill where the castle is situated, singing of spring songs, speeches in honor of spring, and ending up as usual with a drinking bout, the material for which, however, is not drawn from a spring.

Music plays quite an important part in student life. The university which the writer attended has an orchestra of about sixty pieces, and everybody sings more or less. Every Wednesday evening the majority of the students gather for what is called "general singing." Everybody gets some one of the four parts down, the number of singers amounts to several hundred, and the result is quite satisfactory. This furnishes material enough for several glee clubs, every nation managing to have quite a strong male chorus, even many student lodging houses trying to get an equal share of tenors and basses so as to be ever ready to sing. A standing question when four or more students meet is not "who has got the lesson", but "who has got the pitch?"

"How about yells?" I hear some one ask. They are absolutely unknown as far as any voluntary or intentional attempt at that kind of noise is meant. Their place is taken, and I think well filled, by singing. We must remember that students there do not enjoy the privilege of succeeding the originators of murderous warhoops, and therefore we ought not to blame them for this seeming lack of "spirit."

Of course, without yells there can be no question of athletics, and this is another thing that a Swedish student is mostly done with before entering the university. While in "Gymnasium," he has every day 30–45 minutes of prescribed gymnastics for nine years. This gives *every one* the *proper amount* of exercise at the *proper time*, that is while he is building up, three factors of importance in the making of men. Of course, there is ample opportunity to continue the practice of gymnastics at the university, if one so desires, but the majority content themselves with outdoor sports of various kinds, mostly tennis, horseback riding, boating, etc. Consequently there does not exist any dangerous rivalry between athletics and study, and the result is that there is less temptation to forget that a university exists primarily for scholastic purposes. Study is, therefore, quite as common, even as much of a custom as anything else, much of a custom so far touched upon, but who would dare say anything about study?

JOSEPHUS AND THE VALEDICTORIAN.

ABOUT that affair last June? Well, I'll tell you what I know and that's all there is to know about it. It was Bob Sanders' dog that was at the bottom of it. One of those brindled Boston terriers with legs bowed worse than Sol Peterson's and a mouth—well, that didn't hold all his teeth. I can just see his loose-jointed, high-stepping trot now as he pursued some errand of investigation, which by the way was his chief business in life. A more inquisitive dog I never saw, nor a more belligerent either. He simply subdued the neighborhood and spread abroad a reign of terror generally. Not a dog ventured off his own territory, and the cats, they sort of kept a weather eye open as they glided from cover to cover.

Miss Elvira could give you her opinion of that pesky dog. It was that evening that Mrs. Peterson had the ice cream social at her house next door. Miss Jones had put on her best bonnet and started to step over to Mrs. Peterson's for a spell. She opened the door and ventured forth. Just then a low *gr-r-r* sounded under her feet and one of them encountered a soft body. With a shriek Miss Elvira turned and fled, banging the door behind her, and presently the air was rent by shrill cries of *Help! Murder!* which resulted in pretty much the whole neighborhood assembling to learn of the disaster. It was Bob Sanders who laughingly bore off the disturber of the peace, good naturedly shrugging his shoulders at the berating he and his dog received.

Bob was a hearty, wholesome chap, good six feet in height, ready for a frolic day or night, in fact, a typical college boy. If at times his lessons suffered because of these frolics, one must pardon that. Youth must have its fling. However, notwithstanding his love of fun, at the end of his senior year, when the announcement of the commencement honors was made Bob Sanders stood second in his class.

Of course he was pleased. All his people were coming for commencement, and what possibly was yet more to be thought of, his sister was bringing one of her own college chums with her.

A few days before commencement Bob was swinging down the street toward the station. His face bore a benevolent grin, for his commencement guests were coming on the next train. At Bob's heels trotted his dogship with a grin fully as expressive,

but for different reasons by far. For this canine had just routed out and put to flight an old enemy of his and was now tasting the joys of victory.

A whistle sounded as Bob made his way among the crowd of students who had gathered to witness the arrival of the out-of-town guests. Amid the hiss of escaping steam the huge engine thundered through the station and slowly came to rest a little way beyond. Bob hastened toward the rear coaches, and almost before he knew it was heartily shaking his father's hand, while mother and sister descended on him with a shower of kisses and exclamations. In the next breath he was introduced to Madge's friend, Catherine Brown. After one glance into her merry brown eyes, he promised himself a pleasant week before he left his Alma Mater for good.

Then followed a brief struggle through the crowd of new arrivals, students, baggagemen, truckmen, hackmen, and so forth. After a few seconds amidst the babble of sound the party found themselves rattling up the street toward their boarding place, the brindled dog trotting dutifully behind. Just then an unwary pussy walked daintily around the corner of a house and ventured to sit down on the sidewalk. There was a streak of brown that darted from beneath the carriage. Taken by surprise pussy hesitated, looking in vain for a sheltering tree. Alas, that moment of indecision was fatal. In another moment pussy was no more.

There was a chorus of feminine ohs and a yell from Bob.

"Hi! quit that Josephus!" followed by a sharp whistle.

The dog reluctantly obeyed, with many a backward glance at his deserted prey.

"Did you call that dog Josephus?" asked Madge suddenly.

"Yes, that's his name."

"Don't you think Teddy fits him better? Judging from his expression and belligerent manner I should say it did."

Bob laughed, but loftily explained to his sister that Josephus was a pure-blooded Boston bull terrier, bred in the purple and registered under that name before he bought him. He had no choice in the name.

"Well, I should not buy a dog I could not name as I pleased," retorted his sister.

There the subject was dropped, but was later resumed when Josephus was formally introduced to the assembled company in

Mrs. Good's parlor. Mrs. Good was Bob's landlady and looked upon Josephus with disfavor and Josephus returned the compliment. However much he rumaged in other people's back yards, he strictly avoided her's since the red pepper episode. He was always on his good behavior when on the premises.

Now he sat solemnly at his master's feet and surveyed the company indifferently. He permitted the girls to shower him with caresses, but it was very evident he only tolerated it, not the slightest sign of enthusiasm escaped him. He might have been a statue for all one could see of life about him. At last he got up, walked to a distant corner, stretched himself out with a yawn decidedly expressive of boredom and went to sleep.

"Of all cool things!" exclaimed Madge, disgustedly, and from that moment Josephus had no more attractions for her. Catherine only laughed.

Then and there she determined on a conquest. Josephus should learn to pay some attention to her. She began a systematic campaign. Dainties of all sorts found their way to Josephus' stomach, and little by little she pleased his doggish heart, or perhaps it was his stomach. At any rate, he showed a more friendly disposition towards her. But im completing this conquest she made another, intentional or otherwise. Bob showed such a decided preference for Catherine's society that Madge complained that she never had a chance to see him.

The morning of commencement day was bright and fair. Bob's father and mother, his sister and her friend were waiting for him when he appeared in the parlor arrayed in cap and gown. Josephus, being there as usual, began to caper around and growl.

"Oh that dog! He hates these togs," said Bob. He nearly tore my gown to pieces the first time I wore it. I have never dared let him catch sight of any of the fellows in their's for fear he would bite them. I must take him out and tie him."

"You will be late," protested his mother.

"Yes, let me tie him," added Catherine.

Bob reluctantly consented and hastened to gain his place in the procession of students and professors which each year on commencement day marched through the campus to the chapel where the exercises were held. The rest of the company followed later and gained their seats in the chapel before the procession filed in.

A solemn hush fell over all and then the exercises began. Bob, as second in the class, was salutatorian. His manly delivery and splendid appearance made his friends feel proud of him and, if the truth was known, he was just a little proud of himself. The day was warm and the windows and doors were left open for air. During the short recesses at intervals in the long program while the orchestra played, people moved about or went outside. During the last one a slight, white-faced youth, slightly stooping, as from excessive pouring over books, went outside.

"Who is that," whispered Catherine to Madge.

"The valedictorian, Oliver Bronson," was the reply.

The orchestra stopped; there was a subdued rustle, and the speaking began again. Now it was the valedictorian's turn. He did not rise immediately, and all looked toward the graduating class seated in the body of the chapel. Still he did not rise. The class looked at each other. Word was passed that he was not there. There was an ominous silence, broken only by the barking of a dog. The president arose and, speaking slowly and sternly, said:

"There seems to be some mistake here. Let us proceed to confer the degrees."

The tense atmosphere was broken by an excited yell just at the close of the exercises. It came from some of the undergraduates and was taken up and passed along by others as soon as they got onto the campus. The object of excitement seemed to be a tree a little distance from the chapel. Bob, pressing through the crowd, was filled with consternation at the sight which met his eyes.

There, indeed, was the lost valedictorian, clinging to the lower boughs of the tree, frantically endeavoring to keep his position and save his legs from the vicious attacks of Josephus, who was making wild leaps at his floating black garment. His head was bare, his smooth locks disheveled, his face white with helpless rage. Josephus, himself, was decorated with the valedictorian's mortar board, through which he had thrust his head, and which now ornamented his neck like some strange ruff. Bronson trembled with rage and mortification, but he had too much wholesome regard for those sharp, white teeth to venture from his retreat, and there he clung in a most undignified manner while all the guests and the faculty crowded around. Even the presi-

dent's grim face relaxed into a smile for a moment at the extraordinary appearance of the actors of this little scene. Then Bob darted in and captured the doughty Josephus.

Of course explanations had to follow. Catherine, it seems, had forgotten to tie Josephus. She had taken him to the woodshed, and to comfort him in his confinement, had given him a big, fat cooky. She had been so amused with his antics that she forgot the passing of time until she was called. Then, leaving hurriedly, she had forgotten to fasten Josephus. And so the trouble had arisen, but to this day Oliver Bronson thinks that it was a deep laid plot to prevent his delivering the valedictory.

SAD END OF A COMMENCEMENT.

MISS Sarah Ann Amelia Scroggs
Spoke well on graduation day;
She looked alluring in white togs,
And when she'd said her high-browed say
All vowed it was the proper caper
To print it in the local paper.

It made four column--something o'er—
And Sarah read it through with pride;
She marveled at its woundrous lore
And joy at reading could not hide,
For to this maid just graduating
Her words in type were facinating.

But Sarah had hysterics wild
That smelling salts would hardly cure;
The editor a brute was styled
When she had reached the signature;
The type machine had slipped its cogs
And made it read Miss Sarah Sxevntgxtwx!

THE SUMMER SCHOOL SESSION.

[BY FRANK WILLIAM CADY, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH.]

ON Tuesday, the sixth of July, the first Summer Session of Middlebury College was inaugurated with an attendance much in excess of anticipations. The holding of a Summer Session marks a definite step in Middlebury's progress. Summer schools have become fashionable. Not all are of equal value. In many places the work done is inadequate and superficial. In others it is of as high a standard as the work of the regular college year. It is the ambition of the President and the faculty of the Middlebury College Summer Session to hold the work up to the same high standard which has always characterized the institution. A large attendance of enthusiastic students helps make possible this ideal.

The courses offered are varied. Generally, it may be said, that they emphasize those points which will be useful to teachers. They center around courses in Pedagogy and Psychology. Method in teaching is a large part of all instruction in every course that is offered. It is hoped that in the future the College Summer Session may be an educational clearing house for the state, a place where educational ideas and methods may be passed around from one to another and the stamp of higher ideals be put upon all the activities which come under the influence of the college.

The college is to be congratulated upon the able faculty, largely from its own alumni, which has been gathered together to carry on the work of this first Summer Session, and upon the able body of lecturers which has been secured. The first of these lectures was delivered on the evening of July 6, at the opening session of the school, by Hon. Mason S. Stone, LL. D., State Superintendent of Education, and emphasized the importance of high educational ideals and the duties of all teachers in upholding such ideals. In an opening address on the same occasion, President Thomas expressed in a few words his own hopes for the Summer Session and for the character of the work done.

He said in part: "We live in a time of rapidly expanding knowledge. In every branch of study information is rapidly increasing, and new methods coming into vogue. No intelligent school committee would think of employing a teacher who had

not learned anything for the last ten years. Such an instructor is hopelessly out of date.

"One of the best methods for a teacher to keep himself informed as to progress in education is by attendance at higher institutions of learning during the vacation period. Summer sessions have become a recognized and permanent feature in university work in such leading institutions as Harvard, Columbia, Wisconsin, and California.

"I expect that the summer session movement will be the means of lifting Vermont to a more progressive place in the educational world. We are a little State, and we have three colleges. If all these institutions are to prosper, as we want them to prosper, they must attract many from beyond our borders. Now the reputation of Vermont as a summer region is already established. When it becomes known that those in search of educational privileges can secure excellent opportunities in connection with our recreational advantages, we are sure to have a large influx of students in the summer months. Some of them are sure to remain, and others will commend our schools and colleges to their friends elsewhere. I believe, therefore, that this summer movement will be the means of making Vermont much more important in the educational world than she is to-day."

President Thomas's words adequately sum up the situation as regards the Summer Session at Middlebury College. It is a definite part of the institution's development, intended for business, not pleasure where hard work is to be insisted upon and large results are, as a consequence, expected. It is a departure for the college, but a departure along lines of advance, which bids fair to be a large factor in increasing the influence of the college throughout the country.

ST. LAWRENCE--MIDDLEBURY DEBATE.

THE St. Lawrence–Middlebury debate was held in the town hall May 28. St. Lawrence was represented by C. A. Watson, '11, W. G. Cushman, 11, and L. J. Stacey, '09. The Middlebury team was W. P. Harris, '11, E. S. S. Sunderland, '11, J. M. Avery, '11. Professor Wright was the presiding officer. St. Lawrence upheld the affirmative of the question, "Resolved,

BASE BALL TEAM -- 1909

that United States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people."

In opening the debate for the affimative, Watson outlined the case as his side would present it, and continuing, gave a historical sketch of the senate, explaining in some detail the action of the constitutional convention on the subject of the election of senators.

Harris introduced the debate for the negative by showing the reasons for creating a conservative senate and just how it was brought about. He concluded with the argument that the proposed plan would do away with the conservation of the Senate, its distinctive and essential characteristic.

Cushman, continuing the affirmative's argument, pointed out evils in the present method of election. He referred especially to deadlocks, corruption, the confusion of national and state issues, and the interference in state business caused by the duty imposed upon the legislatures of electing senators.

The next negative speaker, Sunderland, dealt with evils in the proposed plan. He showed how the choice of a senator would be by a corrupt party convention, how difficult it would be to settle the increased number of contested elections, and how the election of senators would be controlled by the large cities.

Stacey closed the main debate for the affirmative. He dwelt upon the benefits that would be derived from popular election. He again referred to deadlocks and also spoke of the fact that the senate would be more responsive to the people's will.

The last speaker on the negative, Avery, argued that the adoption of the proposed plan would be a step toward centralization, and therefore, should be avoided. He concluded by pointing out the difficulties of putting in practice the proposed plan.

In the rebuttal the affirmative devoted the major part of their time to strengthening their case, leaving untouched most of the negative's arguments. The rebuttal of the negative centered largely about two points: A challenge to the affirmative to prove corruption by citing certain specific corrupt acts and a demand that they show how the proposed plan could, as a practical proposition, be put into practice.

Two votes were given for the affirmative and one for the negative by the judges, Hon. H. O. Carpenter, mayor of Rutland, Hon. H. A. Harmon of Rutland, and Hon M. L. Powell of Burlington.

COMMENCEMENT.

WHEN the 109th commencement exercises of Middlebury College opened Sunday morning in the Congregational church, the edifice was crowded to the doors, and in the center of the big audience were the forty-eight members of the senior class, the largest in the history of the institution, gathered to hear the baccalaureate sermon preached by President John M. Thomas. His text was "Thy Wise Men, O Tyre, Were in Thee; They Were Thy Pilots," Ezeziel 27:8.

President Thomas sketched briefly the commercial history of the Phoenicians and maintained that the wisdom of Tyre was commercial wisdom, not broadened by the love of knowledge, nor tempered by the reverence of the right. Her wise men were her pilots, not her philosophers or her statesmen, or her priests or her prophets or men of letters. Her sages were men of trade and her talent, her genius, her energy and her toil, went for the finding of markets and the gathering of gain. He described the condemnation spoken by the prophet Ezekiel against the city, and said that it is a condemnation which holds good wherever among the cities of men there is found one which has lost the sense of the things by which men live, which has no "larger horizons, no hopes beyond material advancement."

AMERICA'S GREAT MEN.

Our wise men are not our pilots; not yet, thank God. The men that stand out in American history are not the men who have made great corners in markets and run printing presses for the limitless issue of stock. You may ask the boys on the streets, or the workmen in the quarries and factories, the rich or the poor in the city or in the country, you may ask the great multitude of the honest, hard-working folk that make up the strength of this nation, and for the wise men among us, the names of American honor, you will not hear the names of those who have gathered most gold; but first, and before all, and in affection chiefest, you will catch the homely name of Abraham Lincoln, with malice toward none, and with charity for all, who didn't know how to make money, who paused in affairs of state to write to a mother who had lost five sons on the field of battle.

After Lincoln you will find in the hearts of the people men like Longfellow, who wrote of the village blacksmith, who could look the whole world in the face, since he owed not any man, and who could hear the mother's voice in paradise when his daughter sang in the church ; men like Whittier, the gentle, the pure, and the lover of the bare-foot boy ; and Grant, who fought with death to pay his debts, and, of course, Washington, who knelt in the forests when his soldiers were without shoes.

OUR TRUE AMERICANS.

These are our wise men and our true Americans ; some of them men of fortune and of large responsibility in affairs, valued not for their ability to promote their own wealth or that of others, but for the clearness in which they discerned the right, the strength by which they held to their duty, and the self-sacrifice in which they gave their lives for the uplift of the world. You may search through any community, a prosperous city or a tiny hamlet, and whom will you find accounted wise? Not yet, thank God, the men who have made most money ; but some hard-working, self-sacrificing physician, and some humble citizen who is always looking after the boys and isn't afraid of taxes in a school meeting, some minister of religion who speaks the truth with an open heart and visits the sick, or some master of industry who is a man that can be counted on for the public betterment of a community, or when any stricken family needs a strong, wise friend. Let us shape our ideals in the light of the truth of the ruins of Tyre.

THE TRUE IDEAL.

When we are in a crowd no one could stir us to enthusiam with the recital of a selfish achievement, however great. We would catch the eye of others, and be ashamed to cheer at such a thing as the mere getting ahead in trade and gain. But when we are alone and tired of life's hard work, we give ourself to dreams, we are inclined to forget the tenth commandment, and the wise men of our inner heart become those who correspond to the pilots of Tyre. May God forgive us ! And may he bring us back to the truth of the ruins of Tyre, that life without insight, without love, without prayer and generous, self-annulling service is the

life of brutes and death of man, while life for God and His righteousness, life is manly devotion to the truth of the spirit; is life which enlarges and beautifies both itself and the world.

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS.

Members of the graduating class: I charge you as you go forth from your Alma Mater to find a place where you can work hard, in toil for which you are best fitted, in the world's hard work. Do not excuse yourself from every day duty, and plenty of it, because of the claims of the life that is calling higher. The great common world of ordinary tasks has primary claim. See that you are wise in that work, and that your wisdom includes persistent grit, and the grip of the will for work that takes all your strength, and whose reward is long in coming. Fill the largest place you can reach, but whether large or small, fill it with manhood and fill it with faith.

Be wise also in spiritual things, in your convictions as to the worth of life, the principles by which your life should be lived, the ideals which should govern it. If you have learned in any real sense to give your mind to a problem, and to work out a result that is not approximate, and true, employ that mental habit and ability in determining the quality of manhood which you render to the world. Don't be clever in what you do for money, and a fool in what you do for yourself. If you have wisdom anywhere, have it in relation to your conscience. Determine your principles as skillfully as you practice your business. Give as much thought to your prayers, to the real ambition of your heart, as you give to the increase of your salary. Do not let your wisdom in industry get ahead of your wisdom in morals. Estimate your work large. A man can do a man's work anywhere, and no man can do more.

Do not be deceived by the glamor of great cities. Do not over-estimate the prowess or attainments of those who have lived amid throngs of people. Crowds do not teach a man to think or to be. If you have found among us one teacher who gave you method and inspiration, and have followed his leading, you need not be afraid to measure yourself against any man from anywhere, or any task in any place. There were Vermonters who saved Gettysburg, and they didn't want to see how New York city men could fight.

Do not believe that you are isolated. Live so earnestly in the world's thought and work that you feel the pulse of the great heart of humanity as it lives its steady way to worthier and larger life. There is a mighty organism of which you are a part. It is growing; it makes progress. There are long stages behind and long stages ahead. It is so tremendously vast that no man can be very large, but every man can have a share. This graduation is your initiation into the great army of those who are fighting to deliver the world from its old time miseries and cruelties, and to bring in the day of right and of peace. Catch the enthusiasm of the army. Do not lose sight of the colors. You are not alone; in the name of Middlebury College, set for the making of men, I appoint you a place in the host of the making of the great God, and commission each of you a leader in the fight for truth and right. You may find continuously a larger place, if you will. We expect you to, and the harder you fight, the greater your courage; the more untiring and unbending your will, the better and larger you will find your life.

O, its great to be out where the fight is strong,
To be where the heaviest troops belong,
And to fight there for men and God.

O, it sears the face and it racks the brain.
It strains the arm till one's friend is pain,
In the fight for man and God.

But its great to be out where the fight is strong,
To be where the heaviest troops belong,
And to fight there for man and God.

The anniversary exercises and reunion of the college Y. M. C. A. took place in the Congregational church Sunday evening. There was special music and an appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. Daniel Martin, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Glens Falls, N. Y.

CLASS DAY.

OVER five-hundred alumni and friends of the college gathered on the campus at 10:30 o'clock for the annual class day exercises which were as follows: Address by the president, Lyman B. Tobin; planting of the ivy, senior class; ivy oration,

Ray A. Stevens; class essay, Caroline H. Clark; class oration, Arthur W. Peach; will and presentation, Herbert M. Hall; class history, Winifred W. Fiske; class poem, Carson H. Beane; class prophecy, Hazel McLeod. At the close, President Thomas announced the award of the Fairfield prizes of $20 each. These prizes were offered by Charles T. Fairfield of Rutland, to be awarded to the two members of the class of 1909, who in the combined judgment of the class and faculty, rendered most useful service to the college during their senior year. The successful persons were Carson H. Beane and Miss Caroline H. Clark.

These prizes were bestowed by Mr. Fairfield in recognition of the fact that his grandfather, the Rev. Micaiah Fairfield, graduated from Middlebury just one hundred years ago, having been one of the eight members of the class of 1809. Micaiah Fairfield was born in New Hampshire, but early removed to Pittsford, Vt. After a theological course, he became a home missionary in Virginia and was imbued with the principle of the abolition of slaves. Among his converts was his wife, who was a young widow of a captain in the Revolutionary army, and who held large property in slaves. On their marriage she was induced to set the slaves free, and this created such intense feeling that the young couple were compelled to migrate into Ohio, where Micaiah continued work in the Christian ministry for many years.

Micaiah Fairfield was a great uncle of "Stonewall" Jackson, and an early associate and friend of Lyman Beecher, Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison. An even dozen of his many descendents have been or are to-day college presidents or college professors.

At the annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa society in the chapel the following from the senior class were elected to membership: Warren L. Carpenter of Wells, Rufus Crane of North Hanover, Mass., Ralph B. Delano of Ticonderoga, N. Y., John W. McCormick of Bethel, Oscar J. Williams of Rutland, Philip A. Wright of New Haven, John A. Viele of Fort Edward, N. Y., Miss Bertha O. Stilson of Proctor, Miss Anna B. Rust of Granby, Mass., Miss Caroline H. Clark of Brattleboro, Miss Clara M. Buffum of East Dorset, Miss Hazel McLeod of Bennington and Miss Inez C. Cook of Shoreham. Officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Prof. Myron R. Sanford; secretary, Prof. C. B. Wright; treasurer, Prof. E. C. Bryant.

PRIZE SPEAKING.

PARKER CONTEST.

MUSIC, The Lost Chord, - - - - - *Sullivan*

1. The Death of the Owd Squire, - - - - *Anonymous*

JOHN ENGLISH.

2. Assault on Fort Wagner, - - - *Anna E. Dickinson*

SILAS COOK GODDARD.

3. The Traitor's Deathbed, - - - *George Lippard*

ARTHUR BURT KING.

4. The Martyrdom of Joan of Arc, - - *Thomas De Quincey*

EDWARD LYNCH O'NEILL.

5. Freedom and Patriotism, - - - *Orville Dewey*

THOMAS JOSEPH ROCK.

MUSIC, Melody of Love, - - - - *Engelman*

MERRILL CONTEST.

1. Lincoln and his Times, - - - *Wendell P. Stafford*

HERBERT ALFRED BURNHAM.

2. The New South, - - - - *Henry W. Grady*

WILLIAM HENRY CLEARY.

3. A Plea for Old South Church, - - - *Wendell Phillips*

WOODBURN PRESCOTT HARRIS.

4. Eulogy on Wendell Phillips, - - - *George W. Curtis*

ROLLO ALVORD KILBURN.

MUSIC, Pilgrim Chorus, - - - - *Wagner*

5. The Independence of Cuba, - - - *John M. Thurston*

HIRAM DUNLAP MOOR.

6. The Union Soldier, - - - - *John M. Thurston*

WILLIAM RICHMOND.

7. Robert Burns, - - - - - *George W. Curtis*

EDWIN SHERWOOD STOWELL SUNDERLAND.

8. Eulogy on Henry W. Grady. - - *Wendell Phillips*

HAROLD STUART TUCK.

MUSIC, March from "Lenore Symphony," - - *Raff*

AWARD OF PRIZES.

The judges were the Rev. M. E. Cady, '69, of Chicago, E. W. Howe, '69, of Boston, and George S. Wright, '95, of Northfield, and their awards of the one hundred dollars in prizes were as follows:

MERRILL CONTEST.

First—Edwin S. S. Sunderland.
Second—Herbert A. Burnham.
Third—William Richmond.
Fourth—Harold S. Tuck.

PARKER CONTEST.

First—Arthur B. King.
Second—Edward L. O'Neill.

After the prize speaking the fraternities held their annual reunions in their respective halls.

ALUMNI DAY.

ONE of the most enjoyable occasions of this Commencement was the new Alumni Day. The programme was a radical departure from the old order of events, and unlike much which promises to be unique, was a distinct success in every particular.

The exercises took place on the campus in front of the chapel, the speakers and choirs occupying the class day platform. Over five hundred alumni and friends of the college were present.

The day opened at 9:30 o'clock with a business meeting of the associated alumni in the chapel, presided over by Mr. James F. McNaboe, '92, of New York city. At 10:30 the campus exercises began. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Rufus C. Flagg, '69, of Newport. Mr. Frank L. Bell, '91, being absent, the presiding officer, Mr. McNaboe, presented to the college, in behalf of the alumni, a national flag, after which Governor Prouty presented, in behalf of the State, a Vermont emblem.

The governor emphasized in his remarks the great work which education is doing in the moulding of citizens. He urged the teaching of a deeper and more intelligent love for State and country and the inculcating of a broader patriotism. In con-

cluding he said: "In behalf of the State of Vermont I present this emblem of our State to Middlebury College, trusting that it may teach to future generations the lesson of patriotism which has been so admirably taught in the past."

President Thomas replied for the college, saying in conclusion: "I direct that this flag fly from our chapel, in which shall be housed the new department of pedagogy, established for us by the State of Vermont."

While the national flag was being raised upon a new eighty-foot flag pole in front of the chapel, a detachment of artillery from Norwich University fired the national salute of twenty-one guns.

Following this came the address of the day by the Hon. John Frankin Fort, governor of New Jersey, who spoke most interestingly and forcefully on practical education with reference to modern industry. He maintained most strongly the need of the times for cultured and educated men, not alone that wealth may be acquired, but that once obtained it may be utilized wisely and intelligently. College is, he held, a place where high ideals of government are to be inspired, aud the truly successful college is the one which turns out the men educated to adequately handle the problems of the strenuous times.

His speech was an inspiration to all present. At its close President Thomas conferred upon Governor Prouty and Governor Fort the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The exercises were concluded by the singing of the college choirs.

At 12:30 o'clock the alumni luncheon was served to over one hundred guests under the trees on the campus, Mr. McNaboe acting as toastmaster. Among the speakers were Dr. James O. Barton, '81, ex-Gov. J. G. McCullough, Mr. P. M. Meldon, '80, Rutland. Judge R. S. Tuthill, '63, of Chicago, and President Thomas.

The day ended with the concert at the Congregational Church. This consisted of a song recital by the famous baritone, Mr. David Bispham, and, needless to remark, was a tremendous success. The church was filled as in the old days, and the graduating class are to be most heartily congratulated for shattering the horrible taboo which has attached to this functiou for several years past.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

THE exercises of the 109th commencement of Middlebury College were brought to a close with the conferring of degrees upon a class of forty-eight men and women by President John M. Thomas at the Congregational Church Wednesday morning, where the following programme was carried out:

MUSIC.

Prayer.

Salutatory Addresses.

BERTHA OCTAVIA STILSON.

Oration, - - - - - The Call of the World

CARSON HENRY BEANE.

Oration, - - - - - A National Problem

RALPH BENJAMIN DE LANO.

Essay, - - - - - Music in America

CAROLINE HOWARD CLARK.

Oration, - - - - - The Human Touch

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Oration, - - - - The College Man in Politics

LYMAN BURT TOBIN.

Essay, - - - - - The Mastery of Words

ALICE BRUCE SEARS.

MUSIC.

Oration, - - - - - College Administration

JOHN ANDREW VIELE.

Oration, - - - - - Silent Influences

OSCAR JULIUS WILLIAMS.

Essay, - - - - - The Gift of the Greeks

MARGARET MAUD WHITNEY.

Oration, - - - - - The Reign of Custom

PHILIP ANSON WRIGHT.

MUSIC.

Oration, with Valedictory Addresses, Our Great National Problem

WARREN LEWIS CARPENTER.

Conferring of Degrees.

Benediction.

The Salutatory and Valedictory Honors
are of equal rank.

CONFERRING DEGREES.

President J. M. Thomas conferred the degree of bachelor of arts upon the following members of the senior class: Carson Henry Beane, Middlebury; Eugene Joseph Berry, Richmond; Claude Henry Carey, Middlebury; Warren Lewis Carpenter, Wells; James Anderson Chalmers, Fitchburg, Mass.; Rufus Crane, North Hanover, Mass.; Ralph Benjamin Delano, Ticonderoga, N. Y.; Frank Augustus Farnsworth, Middlebury; Wilmot Taylor Fiske, Granby, Mass.; Harry LeRoy French, Potsdam, N. Y.; Ivan Drake Hagar, Middlebury; William Valla Hagar, Middlebury; Herbert McDonald Hall, Hartford, N. Y.; Ross Charles Holt, West Rutland; Carl Sumner Martin, Middlebury; Edward Homer Martin, Jr., Middlebury; John William McCormack, Bethel; Arthur Wallace Peach, Brattleboro; Daniel Jones Ricker, Waterbury; Sidney Wilbur Sanford, Stephentown Center, N. Y.; Harold Allen Severy, Brandon; Donald Marsh Shewbrooks, Holden, Mass.; Leonard Dow Smith, Morrisville; Ray Adams Stevens, Colchester, N. H.; Lyman Burt Tobin, Swanton; Jay Bryan Viele, Fort Edward, N. Y.; John Andrew Viele, Fort Edward, N. Y.; Henry Spencer White, Wilmington; Oscar Julius Williams, Rutland; Philip Anson Wright, New Haven; Sophia Belle Anderson, Waterbury Center; Clara May Buffum, East Dorset; Caroline Howard Clark, Brattleboro; Inez Clara Cook, Shoreham; Carrie Emeroy Damon, Middlebury; Cora May Derby, Ripton; Edith Vera Fay, Benson; Winifred White Fisk, Granby, Mass; Fannie Maria Gates, Franklin; Olive Elizabeth Getman, Gloversville, N. Y.; Susie Carrie Holmes, Montpelier; Hazel McLeod, Bennington; Bertha Annie Munsey, Suncook, N. H.; Anna Burton Rust, Granby, Mass.; Alice Bruce Sears, Bennington; Bertha Octavia Stilson, Proctor; Mabel Ella Wales, Middlebury; Margaret Maud Whitney, Marlboro, Mass.

The degree of A. B. out of course was given Dr. John Joseph Hassett, ex-'88, Lee, Mass., and the degree of master of arts in course to Miss Marguerite Harwood, '07, Swanton, and Gino A. Ratti, '07, Proctor.

These honorary degrees were conferred: D. D. on the Rev. George W. C. Hill, pastor of the North Congregational Church, St. Johnsbury.

LL. D. on Richard S. Tuthill, '63, judge of the circuit court of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.; Frank C. Partridge, ex-'81, Proctor.

COMMENCEMENT LUNCHEON.

Two hundred graduates, members of the faculty and friends of the college attended the commencement luncheon, which was held at the town hall at one o'clock in the afternoon. At the post-prandial exercises President Thomas presided and there were responses by the Rev. Dr. George W. C. Hill of St. Johnsbury, Frank C. Partridge, Amherst, '81, of Proctor, Prof. W. W. McGilton, the Rev. E. P. Miller, '84, of Catskill, N. Y., George E. Plumb, '61, of Chicago, and E. D. Howe, '87, of Boston.

The president's reception was held in the evening, followed by the commencement ball at nine o'clock. The latter was held at the town hall and dancing was enjoyed untill a late hour, Whittier's orchestra of Montpelier furnishing delightful music.

STODDARD TABLET UNVEILED.

Before the commencement exercises, a bronze tablet the gift of Mrs. A. Lyman Williston of Northampton, Mass., was unveiled in the Latin room. The tablet is in memory of Mrs. Williston's father and reads as follows: "In memoriam, Solomon Stoddard, 1800–1847, professor of Latin and Greek in this college 1837–1847, accurate scholar, faithful colleague, inspiring teacher. Erected by his eldest daughter, Sarah Stoddard Williston, 1909."

Professor Stoddard was the author of the celebrated Andrews and Stoddard's Latin grammar, used by thousands of American students. He was the sole author of the work, but the name of Dr. Andrews was included in the title, since the grammar was one of a series of Latin books bearing Dr. Andrew's name. In his use of the grammar at Middlebury Professor Stoddard made marginal comments, which were adopted after his death by Dr. Andrews in getting out a new edition of the work.

Professor Stoddard was a descendent in the fifth generation of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, second minister of Northampton, and grandfather of Jonathan Edwards, while his mother was Sarah Tappan, sister of Arthur and Louis Tappan, popular in the anti-slavery movement in New York seventy years ago. He was a graduate of Yale, and before coming to Middlebury, a teacher in the Boston Latin school.

MORE GIFTS TO MIDDLEBURY.

Benefactions amounting to $31,360 to Middlebury College during the past year were announced by President Thomas at the commencement luncheon. The largest was the foundation of a professorship in philosophy in the sum of $30,000. The name of the benefactors will not be made public.

Another gift made during the year was an A. T. Thompson reflectoscope costing $500, $100 for books on psychology, $120 for books for the department of history. The same amount, $120, was announced for the three ensuing years, to be given in the form of prizes, to men for excellence in history, and to women for excellence in English, the sum to be divided equally.

Another gift was a scholarship for a young women from the town of Wardsboro, or some other country town of Windham county.

In memory of Professor Solomon Stoddard, professor of Greek and Latin, 1837–1847, in addition to the tablet in his memory, Mrs. A. Lyman Williston of Northampton has constituted a permanent fund of $400, the income to be used for the benefit of the Latin department.

THE FACULTY OF THE SUMMER SESSION.

JOHN MARTIN THOMAS, D. D., President.

WALTER EUGENE HOWARD, LL. D., Director of the Summer Session.

CHARLES BAKER WRIGHT, L. H. D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

MYRON REED SANFORD, A. M., Professor of the Latin Language and Literature.

WILLIAM WESLEY MCGILTON, A. M., Professor of Chemistry.

EDWARD ANGUS BURT, PH. D., Burr Professor of Natural History.

ARCHIBALD DARIUS WETHERELL, A. M., Assistant Professor of History.

G. WATTS CUNNINGHAM, PH. D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy.

FRANK WILLIAM CADY, A. M., B. LITT., Assistant Professor of English.

EDWIN HALL HIGLEY, LL. D., Middlebury College, '68. Master of Greek and German, Groton School Mass.

MARTIN BÄHLER, A. B., Rutgers College, '69. Teacher of French in the High School, East Orange, N. J.

WILLIS IRA TWITCHELL, A. B., Middlebury College, '77. Principal of the West Middle School, Hartford, Conn.

HARRY BELKNAP BOICE, A. M., M. D., Middlebury College, '81. Director of Physical Education in the State Normal School, Trenton, N. J.

JAMES TEN BROEKE, PH., D., Middlebury College, '84. Professor of Philosophy, McMaster University, Toronto, Canada.

SILAS ALPHA LOTTRIDGE, PH. M., St. Lawrence University, '92. Teacher of Chemistry in the High School, East Orange, N. Y.

CHARLES EVERETT HESSELGRAVE, PH. D., Middlebury College, '93. Stanley Congregational Church, Chatham, N. J.

STANTON SEELY EDDY, A. B., M. D.. Middlebury College, '94. Surgeon to the Rutland Railroad.

GEORGE SAMUEL WRIGHT, A. B., Middlebury College, '95. Principal of the Northfield High School, Northfield, Vt.

RAYMOND MCFARLAND, A. M., Amherst College, '97. Vice Principal of the High School, Ithaca, N. Y.

MISS MAUD MARY TUCKER, A. B., Middlebury College, '04. A. M. in Spanish Language and Literature, 1907.

GARFIELD MINOT WELD, A. B., Middlebury College, '04. Teacher of Physics and Mathematics, The Taft School, Watertown, Conn.

MISS MARION TREAT, B. S., Teachers College, Columbia University, '06. Instructor in Domestic Science in Berkeley Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MISS ANNE MAY PIERCE, Massachusetts Normal Art School, Teacher in Arts and Crafts, State Normal School, Castleton, Vt.

LECTURERS.

HON. MASON S. STONE, A. B., State Superintendent of Education.

BRAINERD KELLOGG, LL. D., former Dean of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

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THE EDITOR.

WHEN we are at the shore, it is the shore we enjoy. When it is three months and as many hundred miles behind, it is the morning light, the flapping sails, the wind, the foam, the swell of the long beaches which come back to us, each with an eager vividness of its own, and which we live over again moment by moment.

So with us at this commencement time. Many of us had the good fortune to be present at the various exercises and observances, to revisit the familiar scenes of college days. Those less fortunate have been here in spirit to wander in thought up and down each well remembered walk, to look in at each old gray hall; and the hours of student life come back to us to tell afresh of a healthfulness and happiness which time will ever continue to brighten and reveal.

Such a retrospect cannot but be of increasing value to us whether we have been out one, ten, twenty, or fifty years, or whether as undergraduates we separate only to resume the life at the expiration of a few weeks. What college in a multitude of ways has meant to each of us, other environments and associations eloquently testify as the time lengthens.

Thus the assurance is indeed pleasurable that both to us who were privileged to hear and see for ourselves, and to you who learn in these pages for the first time what was said and done, the recent commencement has proven a source of deep gratification.

We who look back upon a completed course, be the distance ever so short, realize more and more that Middlebury has of all things stood for genuine culture. We have, as students, railed against what we have been pleased to term her conservative policy. The compulsion of having to endure wearisome hours of this and that more or less uncongenial subject has been at times exceedingly distasteful and even harrowing. We have construed it a cause of all the ills with which our body academic has been persistently affected. But the old ship has, notwithstanding, weathered the storms of criticism with astonishing hardihood; and we, the stricken victims of a relentless despotism, have emerged, not only strangely vigorous, but possessed of a breadth

of understanding and appreciation which not only equals, but in a surprising number of instances, surpasses that met with in both the business and professional work of every day life.

We believe that the crying need of the times is this very same broad, deep culture of mind and heart which our Alma Mater has so faithfully striven to impart to her sons and daughters. Inadequate standards resulting from a narrowness of conception of the ends of life are encountered on every hand. The immediate, the mediocre are everywhere presented with distressing candor, while the things of deeper and subtler significance (if these comparatives are called for), the truly beautiful and idyllic pulses of life, are alike uncomprehended and unsought.

And this was pre-eminently the spirit of our one hundred and ninth commencement. From baccalaureate to commencement morning we heard over and over again the old ideals upheld and emphasized. And what was better still, we left with the assurance that not only would the work continue, but increase.

Middlebury is coming to be a bigger and bigger place. The time is not far distant when it will not be necessary to inform our inquirers that it is a small but honored institution, situated in northern Vermont. But however changed it may become in outward aspect, however frequently we may be called upon to endure the shock of seeing her mentioned in the college news of the day,

"We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind"

within, throughout her staid old walls, the grand conviction that true usefulness lives only in the intelligent sympathy with whatever of good the human heart in all conditions of existence has conceived and consecrated.

THE present number marks the completion of the first half year of THE CAMPUS as a student publication, and the management desires to express a most hearty appreciation of the kindness and co-operation of both students and alumni. In several instances very busy men have readily consented to contribute, and the management has been immensely benefitted in consequence.

Our list of subscribers, particularly among the students, has

always been small. We have endeavored to ascertain the reason for this and concluded that from the student standpoint, at least, the publication contained little of a very absorbing interest. A simple report of college activities, however attractively presented, is at best only a confirming of somewhat acute suspicions. And as long as this remained true, one copy has often done for an entire dormitory section. These columns are of course of much interest to alumni, and as such should be handled thoroughly and completely. But we felt that the introduction of far more in the way of fiction and timely topics than has ever been before attempted, would do much to bring about the state of affairs desired.

And we have not been disappointed. On the evening of the publication of our last series there was not a strolling couple observed but who bore somewhere in their equipment the new CAMPUS! Such is the state of affairs here, and we trust that a like interest has been called forth elsewhere.

This, it is needless to say, has been purely tentative. And we feel encouraged to continue along the same lines in the fall. To do this successfully our alumni must be willing to respond as far as possible. A systematic programme has been mapped out for the ensuing year and deep, indeed, would be our chagrin to be obliged to modify it at all radically through an inability to obtain an essential article here and there. Requests will be forwarded far in advance, and we sincerely hope that every consideration will be paid.

Lastly, you who read these pages, who love the college, who are desirous that this peculiar evidence of her steadily increasing scope and efficiency shall become more and more a credit to the institution, do not wait, one and all, to be plead with and besought. You are aware of what we are trying to accomplish. May a least a portion of your spare moments be sufficiently inspired to favor us with material to carry on the work. We have but just begun to do business. Our resources are at best but dim discovered. Investigations have but recently been entered upon. Don't wait to be unearthed! Come out and help us! And though we can not prophecy with the sublime conviction of Shakespeare that your immortality will thereby be assured, we nevertheless offer you the opportunity to place yourself in this reasonable service to Alma Mater.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'58. Prof. B. Kellogg resumed his rhetorical connection with the college by training the commencement, and Parker and Merrill prize speakers. It is interesting to recall the fact that Professor Kellogg began his teaching here in 1860, and even after his connection with the Polytechnic Institute in Brooklyn in 1868, he trained the commencement speakers here for many years.

'60. Merritt H. Eddy, Henry P. Higley, Henry H. Vail and Henry F. Walker of the Class of 1860 were here for commencement.

'63. Judge and Mrs. R. S. Tuthill came on from Chicago for commencement.

'71. Rev. Henry Clark Robbins has retired from the ministry and is living at Ballston Spa, N. Y. He has two sons, one of whom is a teacher in Brown University, and the other is an undergraduate there.

'73. Rev. Webster Ingersoll died at Hill View, on Lake George, May 24. Burial was at his former home, Pulaski, N. Y.

'74. Prof. L. H. Batchelder of Hamline Uhiversity, St. Paul, is traveling this summer in Europe.

'79. John Wright Chapman has returned to his duties in Alaska.

'82. Charles D. Pillsbury, who has been practicing law in Los Angeles, Cal., since 1893, is visiting friends in the East.

'83. Dr. Samuel Sheldon has returned from Europe.

'84. The 84th meeting of the Archdeaconry of Albany was held in St. Luke's Church, Catskill, of which the Rev. Elmer P. Miller is Rector, on Monday and Tuesday, June 14 and 15. Mr. Miller is secretary of the Archdeanery.

'88. Seymour Edgerton and family are spending the summer in Castleton.

'90. A daughter was born on July 8 to President John M. Thomas and Mrs. Grace Seely Thomas.

'91. Prof. Ernest C. Bryant is spending several weeks on the summit of Mt. Mansfield.

'91. Rev. Vernon C. Harrington preached in the Congregational Church in Middlebury July 18.

'91. Dr. D. G. Reilly was selected by one of the leading journals at Dayton, Ohio, to award the prize at a recent Marathon race.

'93. Rev. Charles E. Hesselgrave of Chatham, N. J., received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the 77th annuai commencement of New York University on June 2.

Howard Dorsey, ex-'93, Edward M. Roscoe, '96, Orvis K. Collins, '02, and Arthur W. Eddy, '04, all district superintendents, attended the recent State conference at Willoughby.

'95. Supt. Charles A. Adams is spending the summer at Lake Dunmore with his family.

'96. Mr. and Mrs. Charles A Monroe of Joliet, Ill., have spent several weeks in Middlebury.

'96. John P. Halnon is practicing law in Worcester, Mass.

'95–'98. G. S. Wright and J. A. Peck have been elected by the associated alumni to represent the association on the new Athletic Council.

'97. Marion E. Dunbar is practicing law in Montana.

'97. Harriet D. Gerouldt, teacher of domestic science, is visiting friends in the East.

'98. May G. Higley will sail October 2 from Montreal for Europe. She will spend two years studying abroad.

'00. A. B. Wilmarth has resigned his position as principal of Bennington High school.?

'01. Miss Gertrude E. Cornish has accepted a position at Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Conn., for the spring term.

'02. Percival Wilds has left the offices of Carey and Robinson and is a member of the new law firm of Kafer & Wilds, 2 Rector St., New York City.

'03. D. L. Robinson is spending the summer studying in France.

'04. P. E. Mellen was elected by the undergraduate body as a member of the new Athletic Council.

'02. Fred B. Miner of Flint, Mich., is in the East.

'03. Chas. W. Allen of Bellingham, Wash., was in Middlebury for commencement.

'04. D. H. F. Markolf is in the Hartford Hospital.

'04–'06. Garfield M. Weld and Miss Florence E. Duncan were married in Middlebury July 5.

'06. Chas. B. Parker is in the consular service in Mexico.

'06. Annie E. Metcalf was married June 9 to Mr. Percy Howard Farr, and they visited Middlebury for a few days early in June. Their home is in Marblehead, Mass.

'06. Anne F. Smith is to teach in the High School in Worcester, Mass.

'06. G. D. McQuivey is with the Eldredge Clothing Co., Wendell, Idaho.

'07. Chester M. Walch has resigned his position in Wilmington, Vt., and will study abroad during the coming year.

'07. F. R. Long was graduated from the New York Law School in the Class of 1909.

'08. M. S. June is with the Independent Telephone Co. of Seattle, Wash.

'08. S. B. Pettingill, Jr., was one of eleven in a class of 187 in the first year of the Yale Law School getting honors.

'08. Miss Grace Smith Buttolph is to teach this year in Black River Academy, Ludlow, Vt.

'08. James L. Lovejoy has been elected principal of Black River Academy.

'08. W. H. J. Hayford is to teach in Troy Conference Academy the coming year.

Professor Henckels, formerly Professor of Modern Languages at Middlebury, has left his professorship at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa., and is now located in Washington, D. C.

The following is taken from the Malone, (N. Y.) *Farmer:* "A. B. Parmelee & Son have sold the Willis Hogle property, formerly the Hardy place, on Franklin street, to Fred H. Bryant and wife. The place is just on the outskirts of the village, is commodious and delightfully situated and will make them an ideal home. They are already in possession. S. G. Boyce, father of Mrs. Bryant, recently purchased the entire personal property of Robert Schroeder in Duane, including all the quaint and beautiful household furniture, and it is not unlikely that some of it will go to adorn the home of his daughter."

The following is taken from the Buffalo *Evening News* of July 3, 1909: Mrs. William A. L'Hommedieu of 319 Fifteenth street announces the marriage of her daughter, Eleanor, to Mr. Thomas H. Noonan on July 2, 1909. At home at 319 Fifteenth street after October 1, 1909. No cards. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. R. V. Hunter in the chapel of Central Presbyterian Church. Mr. and Mrs. Noonan have gone to Vermont to spend a few days and will sail from New York on July 7 on the Oceanic, of the White Star Line, for a short trip through England.

As THE CAMPUS goes to press there are eighty-three enrolled at the office of the Dean in the summer school.

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given two hours' credit weekly in the English Department and reporters receive credit for one hour per week.

The Senior class of the Forestry School of Yale will leave shortly for its spring field work on a lumber company's tract of some 40,000 acres in Texas.

Sometime during the summer Professor Todd, of Amherst, in company with Mr. Leo Stevens, the aeronaut, will ascend to a great height in a balloon and attempt to receive the signals from Mars which so many astronomers maintain are being sent. The project has been commended by M. Camille Flammarion, the noted French astronomer, who believes that the Martians have in all probability signalled to us for more than a thousand years.

The highest honors of Japan were bestowed upon Charles W. Eliot, Harvard's retiring president, May 11, when Ambassador Kogoro Takahira, decorated him with the Japanese Order of the Rising Sun. Dr. Eliot is the sixth person in this country to receive the insignia of this order, which corresponds to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor in France and to the Order of the Bath in England.

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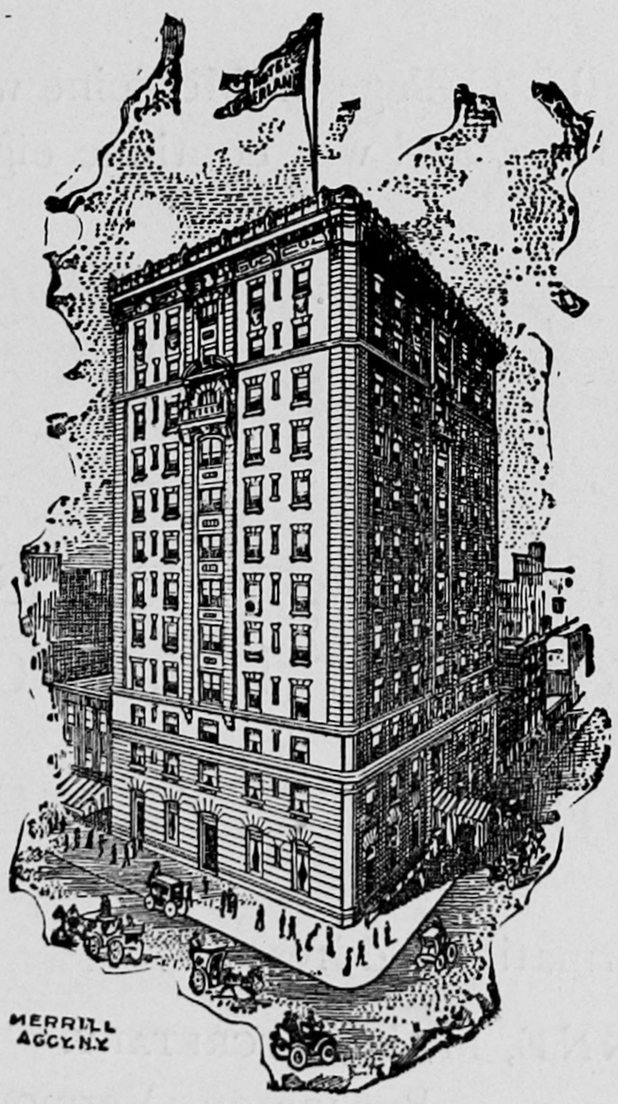

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CONTENTS.

FIFTY YEARS AGO—RICHARD S. HOLMES, '62 - - 175

EN ROUTE—FRANK A. FARNSWORTH, JR., '09 - 179

LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD—BISHOP HALL - 180

MATER—FRANK A. FARNSWORTH, JR., '09 - - 186

STUDENT LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND—W. M. WARLOW 187

WHAT A SNOW STORM DID FOR MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE—
SAMUEL WARD BOARDMAN, '50 - - - 193

COLLEGE IMPROVEMENTS - - - - 193

OBITUARY, REV. WEBSTER INGERSOLL, '73—N. B. SMITH, '63 195

A FEW IDEALS FOR A COUNTRY COLLEGE—
PRESIDENT JOHN M. THOMAS, '90 - - 197

COLLEGE ADMINISTRATION—JOHN A. VIELE, '09 - 221

ROSTER OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS - - 224

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS ABOUT "MIDDLEBURY" - 227

FOOTBALL—MANAGER H. D. LEACH, '10 - - 230

THE EDITOR - - - - - - 231

ALUMNI NOTES - - - - - 232

COLLEGE NOTES - - - - - 238